A HOSPITAL EASTER.

BY DOROTHY DASHWOOD

Nobody knew exactly how it happened. The consensus of opinion, however, was that when the new baby came the fat nurse told little Easter that her nose was out of joint. It was a cruel thing to do, and the probabilities were that the child, in holding on to her poor little nose to find out how badly it was hurt, forgot the bannister and fell down stairs.

At any rate, she was found curled up at the bottom, limp and white. They thought she was dead at first, but it turned out that her hip was broken, and so just as the angels handed the new baby in at the window, the old one had to be carried away to the hospital.

Poor little Easter! And she so pretty and sweet with her big, brown eyes and red-gold curls, and cheeks like summer roses. Such a happy, wee thing, too. It did seem such a shame.

The ambulance drove up to the door, all the same, and the ewe lamb of the household, fair and pale as a broken lily, was driven away—very slowly, though—her father almost holding his breath, fearing the shaking up of her poor little bones. The surgeons examined her and shook their heads gravely. The father read the awful doom of the cripple in their eyes. He stood by the child, though, with her tiny hand in his, while the operation was going on. Easter didn't mind. She was floating away among the clouds in an other dream.

Ah, but it was a pity, and she such a little bit of a tot. As though she hadn't trouble enough with that big baby coming to punch her pretty nose out of place with his great, fat fist, and even to crowd her out of her warm nest in her own snug little crib. Even the nurse said it was a shame, as she wiped her eyes on her apron and scolded the new arrival roundly for his "nerve" in coming into this world at all.

Alas and alack! How awfully true it is that "misfortunes never come singly," and that "it never rains but it pours."

At least, it seemed after the accident to little Easter that the very demon of ill-luck possessed the household. The canary birds died, the plants perished, the other children were running wild, and the whole house seemed to be on the verge of rack and ruin.

For some reason the injured child did not seem to mend. In spite of the best professional skill she seemed to fade away and grow more like a tiny spirit, until it seemed to be a question of a very little time when she would be caught up to heaven—this child who was born on Easter day and named in memory of the blessed resurrection.

As to the poor mother, the world seemed to her nothing but a place of pain. Even her heart seemed cold without that little sunny head to rest upon it. Weeks passed on, and still she was not able to leave her bed. Like little Easter, she grew thinner and paler, but the mother and child looked strangely alike in those days.

The doctor looked wise over his gold spectacles and rattled off a string of big words that made her head ache, and then concluded to call in another physician. The two disagreed about their pet theories, made faces at each other and a third was summoned. The last happened to be gifted with a lot of common sense—besides a heart as big as an ox. So, after a little fatherly talk with his patient, he saw that it was only a case of heart-break about the little one. "Like as not they'll both die in a bunch," he reflected, remembering that

"When the stem dies the leaf that grew
Out of its heart, must perish, too."

And then he encouraged her to talk, which is always a good thing for a woman. He let her cry a little, and when she told him about little Easter, and buried her wan face in the pillow with a choking sob, the doctor marvelled greatly that she had been able to bear up as well as he did.

She was like a drowning woman. She needed something to cling to with might and main. So he threw her a rope.

"Let me see," the doctor said, cheerily, "it is now a little more than three weeks to Easter, and I'll promise to bring you around all right by that time. As for the little one, I'll drive right over and see how she is getting on, and mind you, on Easter morning, bright and early, you must be ready to drive over with me and pay her a visit."

"Remember, my dear woman," he added, "that a broken hip cannot be cured in a day, but a visit from 'mamma' will do little Easter more good than anything else in the world."

At the hospital, where, by the way, the same doctor happened to be consulting physician, he found little Easter lying on a tiny white cot scarcely more colorless than the beautiful child's face.

She was asleep. There surely was never a fairer picture than the pure little face, set in its nimbus of red-gold hair. The doctor bent over and touched her forehead with his lips. The little one opened her eyes and looked up at him. Perfect love in her baby heart had long ago cast out fear.

"You are a little angel," the doctor said, as well as he could, with the great big lump in his throat fairly choking him, "but see here, little girl, you don't want a 'crown upon your forehead,' or a 'harp within your hand' just at present. Why, bless my heart and soul, dear child, we'll have you out of here and riding in the goat carriages all around the park before you know it." And then he made a careful examination and told the nurse that he would be back again early in the morning.

Meanwhile the doctor went home and after dinner he lighted a cigar and sat thinking—thinking about little Easter with all his might. His own bright-eyed Marjorie climbed upon his knee and wanted to know if God had given him a lot of new babies to carry around to good fathers and mothers for Easter, but he hardly heard what the child said.

"Papa was up in the clouds again," she whispered to her mother, and from this the mother knew that there was a serious case on hand.

Presently he arose and went in his professional den. Till long past midnight he sat there fussing over a lot of buckles and leather straps, of clasps and elastic bands, till, by and by, he got a thing rigged up for all the world like a little harness.

"I think that is about the idea," the doctor remarked, thoughtfully. "Anyway, I'll try it in the morning."

After this it seemed as if Easter was never in such a hurry to get here before. The days fairly flew. "Mamma," living on the hope of seeing her little one, was just as busy as she could be—trying to get well. Every day she sat up a little longer than she had the day before, and at last she would have her work-basket, and you could almost see through her pale fingers as she sewed away for dear life on a pink and silver doll dress for the little invalid. Darling little Easter! Even though she might never walk again, she should have all the fine toys and flowers and the very best of everything.

Somehow the child's father was growing almost hysterical. Men of fine grain do sometimes, under strong pressure.

"We'll give the little ones a merry Easter," he said with his lips, while his heart went out to the little pale sufferer across the park, and he wondered if the gentle Master who healed the sick and made the lame to walk remembered even this little one. Ah, if she could only touch the hem of His garment.

Blessed Easter morn! The air alight with April sunshine and odorous with the smell of crocus and tulips.

Hark! There comes the doctor's carriage now!

The hospital doors were swinging wide. There stood long rows of Easter lilies, bending beneath their weight of bursting buds and full bloom blossoms, their fruits of hope and love. The mother swayed—the sunlight seemed going out.

For there, beneath the lilies, on piles of snowy robes, a little child, clad in shining white raiment, sat among them. A wreath of roses strung with silver bells hung about her neck. She rattled them merrily.

"Jump up, Sweetheart! Show mamma how you can run!" cried the doctor. And little Easter hopped down, smart and spry as a spring robin, and flew into her mother's arms.

LEGISLATORS OF BRITAIN.

Tories Are Mostly Young and Liberals Mostly Old.

Whenever the Tories have a large majority in parliament the spectator at Westminster is always amazed at the number of very young men who enjoy seats in the house of commons. It is doubtful whether in all the various legislatures of the United States there could be found so many beardless and wholly boyish faces as one might have seen the other day in the members of the house. Certainly the house of representatives at Washington offers no sort of parallel to the juvenility on show this season at St. Stephen's. Often the scene looked more like some phase of a college commencement than the gathering of the oldest parliament in the world. I have said that this was a peculiarity of large Tory majorities. When the Liberals are in office, and in heavily numerical preponderance, on the commons' benches middle-aged and elderly men are the rule.

It is only rarely that a youngster get in as a Liberal at an English election. Plenty of young men go to the polls as Liberal candidates, but they have almost invariably received the nominations simply because success is hopeless. They are encouraged to spend their money and time on these fruitless battles, on the tacit understanding that by and by the party whips will recognize their devotion and give them a chance to fight constituencies where there is some prospect of winning. Meanwhile the safe Liberal seats are practically all in possession of the graybeards, and in the large lists of boroughs and county divisions, where parties are tolerably evenly balanced, very few Liberal candidates under forty years of age can get a nomination.

The most obvious reason for this is, of course, that Liberal candidates have to rely upon a demonstration of personal fitness, of individual acquaintance with governmental problems, and the thousand and one possibilities of reform, retrenchment and so on, which is not insisted upon with others. The sober and thrifty middle classes—the higher artisans, the small shopkeepers, manufacturers and commercial and industrial workers—are the people who elect Liberals when they are elected. And these people are not easily captured by the glamor of a young man's smart manner and glibness of tongue. They want gravity, solidity and the evidences of mature experience and judgment. They desire to vote for a man who has made money in his own business, or an established position for himself in his profession. Here and there an exceptionally brilliant youngster, particularly if he is a journalist or barrister who is doing well for his years, and is a favorite with party leaders, like Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Morley, may be taken on trust by a Liberal local committee.—London Cor. New York Times.

A Dangerous Habit.

Sleeping and dreaming in a barber's chair lost a man the tip of his nose in San Francisco the other day. The man dropped into the barber shop to get a shave, and as his face was being lathered fell asleep. The barber continued to shave the sleeping customer gently. Suddenly the sleeper struck out right and left with his fists, presumably at some dreamland foe. His right fist struck the razor and drove its keen blade through the end of his nose. This awakened him with a start, and after a lusty explanation the man picked up the piece of his nose and ran to the city and county hospital. The surgeon stitched the piece of nose on where it belonged, and there is a fair show of its growing in place or more or less in place.—New York Sun.

The Compass Plant.

The "compass plant" is one of the oldest creatures of the vegetable kingdom. It derives its name from the fact that its leaves always point directly north and south. So, if you are out on a western prairie and lose your way just look for one of these plants and remember that they always point in the directions indicated. Botanists call this curious plant "Selphium Laciniatum." It is unpretentious in appearance and bears yellow flowers that are not unlike field daisies. It has a remarkably thin leaf, so thin as to be noticeable even to the untutored eye. The "compass plant" is really a western flower and is indigenous to the prairies of that section.

Inculcating Heroism.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Blue-Myrrh, picking up her little boy, who had "stubbed" his toe. Don't cry. Be a man, like mamma."—Indianapolis Journal.

A PROFITLESS LESSON.

A Commanding Officer's Orderly Who Had Ideas of His Own.

In one of our infantry regiments quartered at Aldershot some time ago, one of the men was detailed for commanding officer's orderly. It was a miserable day, rain coming down in torrents, and one of the duties of the orderly being to tramp to the far end of the camp, our son of Mars thought it was hard lines, as, being a wet day, his comrades would have no parade.

Thus it was that, in no good humor, that he repaired to the orderly room. Walking straight to the colonel, he said, in an abrupt and surly tone:

"I'm your orderly."

The colonel was too astonished to reply, and the man repeated:

"I'm your orderly."

The colonel rose from his chair and said:

"Come here, my man. Sit down in my place, and fancy you are the colonel and I the orderly, and I will show you what to do and how you ought to do it."

He went outside and, knocking at the door, he opened it, and walking straight to the man, saluted and said:

"I've come to report myself as your orderly."

The man, equal to the occasion, said:

"Very well; remain outside. I will call you when I want you."

He did so, and, waiting a few moments, he heard the man call: "Orderly."

What was his astonishment on going in, to see the man leaning back in the chair, with his feet on the table, smoking a cigarette, and to hear him say, in a drawling voice:

"I won't want you any more, orderly. You may go to Halifax for the rest of the day."

It is needless to say the colonel did not avail himself of the permission.—Spare Moments.

DANCED FOR WEALTH.

A Charming French Lady's Method of Booming a Worthy Charity.

At a beautiful villa near Paris was lately given a charming fete. Pretty women by scores were present, and the loveliest among the party was Madame T——, always eminently "the fashion."

At the commencement of the ball a young gallant hastened to be the first to ask her to dance.

"With pleasure, sir," replied she; "twenty francs."

"Madame!" exclaimed the puzzled cavalier.

"I said twenty francs, monsieur."

"I beg your pardon, madame," replied he, smiling; "there is a misunderstanding. I had the honor to ask your hand for a waltz."

"Ah, you are right," replied the lady quickly, "there is some misunderstanding. I thought you asked me for a quadrille; but since it is a waltz it will be forty francs."

More puzzled than ever, the gentleman waited an explanation, which she gave him with a gracious smile:

"Do you understand, sir, that I am dancing for the benefit of the poor? It is one louis for a quadrille, two for a waltz and no reduction in price."

At this rate Madame T—— had no lack of partners, and bravely and charitably danced to the close of the ball. Who but a French woman would have dreamed of such a source of revenue? Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Faithful Dog Postman.

He is a faithful, cautious official, the hero of the East Sullivan (Me.) dog story. Don, the dog postman, has been taught to carry the mail daily across the field to the home of G. E. Simpson, a distance of about one-fourth of a mile, where he makes known the arrival of the mail by barking at the door, and, although not a government employe, exacts his pay in the form of something to eat, and will bark until his demand is granted. One day last week he carried the mail, as usual, but on arriving at the house could not gain admittance, as Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were away, and as it was about noon, he was anxious to deliver the bundle of papers to get his commission. As the only person about the place was a young man hauling wood (a stranger to the dog), he would not give up the mail, but with a crestfallen countenance brought it back to his master. The Bar Harbor Record thinks there are empiler heads than Don's.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Ribbon Pocket.

Take half a yard of double faced ribbon not less than four inches wide. Make a box pleat at the top and fasten the folds securely the pleat being on the wrong side. At the back sew a black safety pin so that the pocket may be fastened securely to the gown. Now for the lower part or pocket: Turn the end over far enough to make a bag that will hold a handkerchief or small purse. Stitch it at the sides and turn a hem an inch wide finishing it with feather stitch. It will be seen that by using the double faced ribbon the top of the pocket and the facing of the hem will be the same, and in contrast with the pocket itself, it is a convenient and pretty accessory of dress.

Pat's Answer.

One day, a Boston school supervisor was passing some of the large cotton-mills in Fall River. The river near by suggested the idea that water-power was used to run them, but to make sure, he adopted his usual method of questioning the first person in sight. It chanced to be an Irishman, who was trundling a wheelbarrow of coal toward one of the engine rooms.

"Look here, my man," said the supervisor familiarly, "do they run these mills by water?"

"Yes, sorr," answered the Irishman. "But they bile it."

"Oh, of course—naturally—that's what I meant," murmured the supervisor.

Needed in Either Case, Perhaps.

"A sailor going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety." Such was the message as given to the parson. It was read out in church like this: "A sailor going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."—Chat.